

THE OHNEMUS SHOPS

SWINEHART TIRES

Guaranteed for
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"CAN FIX IT"

Constantinople's Golden Horn.
The Golden Horn is the narrow strip of water which bounds Constantinople on the north. The Golden Horn is one of the biggest and most beautiful in the world, and it is so deep that the largest warships can ride at anchor close to shore. It is about four and a half miles long. The suburbs of Kythia on the north side of the Golden Horn, is called after the lieutenant of the prophet who is supposed to have fallen there during the first siege of Constantinople by the Arabs in 672.

Cornmeal at the Toilet.

But few people realize the great value of common cornmeal as a toilet essential. Dampen a handful of cornmeal placed in the wash basin and rub the hands thoroughly with it for ten or fifteen minutes and see how it removes all dirt and smooths the rough and chapped skin, especially about the knuckles and base of the nails. It will not injure in the least. Most delicate skin, and if used on white hands or the face the skin will take on a new life and appear pure and fresh. —Philadelphia North American.

AMBITION

It has been well said, "It is better to have a high standard and strive to reach it than to have a standard so low that our ambitions never look up." Ambition in itself is no sin. It is only when we subordinate everything else to an ambition which does not "look up" that it may become sinful.

Some Reputation

Hint: What kind of a reputation has Jones got?
Hint: So good that he can wear cuff buttons with other people's initials and get away with it. —St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Prohibition Coffee Houses.

No many coffee houses spring into existence in England during the reign of Charles II. that he entertained a belief that many political intrigues had their beginning in these places, issued a decree ordering them to be closed. In this proclamation the following words occurred: "The retailing of coffee of tea might be an innocent trade, but it was sold to nourish sedition, spread lies and scandalous great men. It might also be a common nuisance." —Exchange.

Looks That Way.

"Advice is largely futile."
"What do you mean?"
"People with sense don't heed it, and people without sense won't take it." So what's the use? —Louisville Courier Journal.

Similarity.

"Why do you compute my marks on a ship with lightning?" asked the recruit.
"Because," replied the instructor, "it never hits twice in the same place." —Washington Star.

Butter.

It butter is too salt it may be freshened by churning with fresh milk in the proportion of one quart of milk to one pound of butter.

Testing butter to see if it is really fresh butter, renovated butter or margarine, may be done by placing a piece of butter about the size of a lima bean in an iron spoon and holding the spoon over an alcohol stove or other fire, stirring the melting butter with a clean wooden stick (toothpick) until it boils. Pure butter boils with a little noise, but a renovated butter, "renovated" butter or margarine boils with much noise and splatters like grease and water. —Exchange.

A Curious Jellyfish.

That strange inhabitant of the ocean known as the sea cucumber can practically efface itself when in danger by squeezing the water out of its body and forcing itself into a compass so narrow as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye. Moreover, it can cast away most of its interior organism and yet continue to exist and grow again what it has shed.

After the Honeymoon.

"I think his love is growing cold."
"Now, my dear, you mustn't imagine things."
"It is not imagination. He reads a newspaper while I am sitting on his lap." —Louisville Courier Journal.

Be Yourself.

I hardly know so true a work of a little mind as the servile imitation of another. —Greville.

Eye Strain.

There are two common kinds of eye strain. It is a strain for a person who is frightened to do close work, and it is a strain for one who is neglected to use the eyes for distances. Both kinds of eye strain produce the same symptoms: headache and tears require that the eyes be examined and glasses be provided.

Milady's Mirror

Short Skirt With Us.

The return of the short skirt and the popularity of the modern dances have called the feet into prominence again. This means that the woman who cultivates beauty must pay particular attention to her feet. If the ankle is not slender it must be made so, and if the feet are not of a patrician mold their form must be corrected as much as possible.

Exercise and massage will do much for unsightly ankles if the bones are not misshapen. Remove shoes and stockings and sit with one knee crossed over the other. Move the foot about in a circle, using the ankle joint only. When you become tired move the foot up and down until fatigued and then change to the other foot. Another effective exercise is to stand on both feet and turn the feet from side to side at the ankle.

After exercising fill a foot bath with hot water, as hot as you can stand it with comfort, and plunge the feet in this bath. The ankles should be covered, and if a tablespoonful of bicarbonate of soda is added to the water it assists in the flesh melting process. Allow the ankles to remain in this bath fifteen or twenty minutes; then rub them dry and apply a strong solution of alum or camphorated oil. Use firm, vigorous strokes to rub the oil well into the flesh and as a final end of the treatment bind the ankles with strips of linen saturated with the oil. Do not draw these tight enough to hinder the circulation.

To improve the contour of the foot it is necessary to pay attention to the corns, callouses and enlarged joints. Be quite sure that you wear well fitted shoes, for there must be no pressure against any one part of the foot.

Do Not Use Grease on Hair.

Never use grease on the hair. After the shampoo use camomile lotion, rubbing it in carefully with the points of the fingers, and on no account permit it to touch the face, because it will make the face yellow.

This camomile lotion, which cleanses the hair and tones the scalp, promoting circulation, is made thus: Two large handfuls of camomile, two quarts of water. Boil for fifteen minutes, or until it is as dark as black coffee, then shake and add two quarts of cold water. Put in a stone jar and keep in a cold place. Shake well before using.

Hair so be really beautiful should not be in heavy, sticky bands, but should stand out free by hair, as separate as the down of a little chicken. To acquire this use ten drops of ammonia sprinkled in the camomile. It must be added after the mixture has boiled and cooled otherwise the ammonia will evaporate.

The Use of Soap.

Use soap, but let it be pure soap. There are soaps made from sperm-oil, which is the oil taken from the head of the whale. It is very expensive, but one may not economize as to the complexion. This is a recipe for the care of the complexion every day.

On rising massage the face eight or ten minutes. Massage it with the two middle fingers. That is the second and third and with a round, not lengthwise, motion. The round motion removes lines. The lengthwise motion makes them. Remove what is left of the cold cream with a linen towel or an old handkerchief, then apply a little more cold cream, then powder.

In the evening take ten to twenty minutes for cleansing your face. First wash it in tepid water, never cold water, except in emergencies of great fatigue, then massage for eight or ten minutes. Remove the cream, then apply more cream, very little more, and so to sleep.

About Nervousness.

No woman can help feeling nervous at times in this age of risk and racket, but it is quite possible to put on the brakes as it were, and not let the nerves run away with us and spoil our beauty. Here are a few hints on the subject.

If people fret you it is not necessary to be rude to them. Try instead to avoid them. Don't read books that irritate you. Books are plentiful; therefore put away the offending volume and choose another. If noise at night worries you don't let it continue to do so. Get up and see to the matter and put it right.

Don't let yourself get into the habit of being bored. It is not worth while. When you feel it coming on plunge at once into some task that will take all your time and energy.

Fine Skin Tonic.

There is an excellent old skin tonic, used for generations, which will probably be of interest to the women readers of this page. It may be prepared at home and contains nothing that is in the least bit harmful to the face, which is more than can be said of so many of the so-called skin tonics on the market. Make a bag of cheese cloth, double thickness, and fill it with bran, a teaspoonful of orris root and a half cake of castile soap chopped up fine. This bag may be used in the bath and on the face and makes the skin smooth, white and firm.

The BLACK BOX

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Author of "The Meeting Finger," "The Prince of Sins," "Anna, the Adventurer," etc.

Novelized from the motion picture drama of the same name produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company. Illustrated with photographs from the motion picture production.

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SYNOPSIS.

Sanford Quest, master criminologist of the world, finds that in bringing to justice Macdonough, the murderer of Lord Ashleigh's daughter, he has but just entered a life-and-death contest with a mysterious master criminal. Engaged by Professor Ashleigh, Quest and Lenora, his assistant, find the skeleton in a hut in the professor's garden, and discover there a hidden treasure, half monkey and half man. As the professor explains, the boy is set after and the monkey-man and Lenora are discovered in the house. To Quest's rooms, the Rhinoldt diamond, a valuable necklace, is placed in a second black box with a note signed by the threatening hands.

FOURTH INSTALLMENT

AN OLD SPURGE.

CHAPTER X.

Sanford Quest was smoking his after-breakfast cigar with a relish somewhat affected by the measure of his perplexities. Early though it was, Lenora was already in her place, handing over her desk, and Laura, who had just arrived, was busy divesting herself of her coat and hat. Quest watched the latter impatiently.

"Well?" he asked.

Laura came forward, straightening her hair with her hands.

"No go," she answered. "I spent the evening in the club, and I talked with two men who knew Craig, but I couldn't get on to anything. From all I could hear of the man, respectability is his middle name."

"That's the professor's own idea," Quest remarked grimly.

"We're fairly up against it, boss," Laura sighed. "The best thing we can do is to get on to another job. The Rhinoldt woman has got her jewels back, or will have at noon to-day. I bet she won't worry about the thief. Then the professor's moldy old skeleton was returned to him, even if it was burned up afterwards. I should take on something fresh."

"Can't be done," Quest replied shortly. "Look here, girl, your average intellects are often apt to hit upon the truth, when a man who sees too far ahead goes wrong. Rule Craig out. Any other possible person occur to you? Speak out, Lenora. You've something on your mind, I can see."

"I'm afraid you'll laugh at me," she began tentatively.

"Won't hurt you if I do," Quest replied.

"I can't help thinking of Macdonough," Lenora continued falteringly. "He has never been recaptured. I don't know whether he's dead or alive. He had a perfect passion for jewels. If he is alive, he would be desperate and would attempt anything."

Quest smoked in silence for a moment.

"I guess the return of the jewels squelched the Macdonough theory," he remarked. "He wouldn't be likely to part with the stuff when he'd once got his hands on it. However, I always meant, when we had a moment's spare time, to look into that fellow's whereabouts. We'll take it on straight away. Can't do any harm."

"I know the section boss on the railway at the spot where he disappeared," Laura announced.

"Then just take the train down to Mountways—that's the nearest spot—and get busy with him," Quest directed. "Try and persuade him to loan us the gang's handcar to go down the line. Lenora said I will come on in the automobile."

"Take you longer," Lenora remarked as she moved off to put on her jacket. "The cars do it in a quarter of an hour."

"Can't help that," Quest replied. "Mrs. Rhinoldt's coming here to identify her jewels at twelve o'clock, and I can't run any risk of there being no train back. You'd better be making good with the section boss. Take plenty of bills with you."

"Sure! That's easy enough," Laura promised him. "I'll be waiting for you."

She hurried off and Quest commenced his own preparations. From his safe he took one of the small black lumps of explosive to which he had once before owed his life, and fitted it carefully in a small case with a coil of wire and an electric lighter. He looked at his revolver and recharged it. Finally he rang the bell for his confidential valet.

"Ross," he asked, "who else is there here today besides you?"

"No one today, sir."

"Just as well, perhaps," Quest observed. "Listen, Ross, I am going out now for an hour or two, but I shall be back at midday. Remember that Mrs. Rhinoldt and Inspector French are to be here at twelve o'clock. If by any chance I should be a few minutes late, ask them to wait. And, Ross, a young woman from the railway."

Army will call too. You can give her this check."

Ross Brown, who was Quest's secretary-valet and general factotum, accepted the slip of paper and placed it in an envelope.

"There are no other instructions, sir," he inquired.

"None," Quest replied. "You'll look out for the wireless, and you had better switch the through cable and telegraph communication on to headquarters. Come on, Lenora."

They left the house, entered the waiting automobile, and drove rapidly towards the confines of the city.

By Quest's directions the automobile was brought to a standstill at a point where it skirted the main railway line, and close to the section house which he had appointed for his rendezvous with Laura. She had apparently seen their approach, and she came out to meet them at once, accompanied by a short, thick-set man whom she introduced as Mr. Horan.

"This is Mr. Horan, the section boss," she explained.

Mr. Horan shook hands.

"Say, I've heard of you, Mr. Quest," he announced. "The young lady tells me you are some interested in that prisoner they lost off the cars near here."

"That's so," Quest admitted. "We'd like to go to the spot if we could."

"That's dead easy," the boss replied. "I'll take you along on the handcar."

The section boss turned round and whistled. From a little side track two men jumped on to a handcar, and brought it around to where they were standing. A few yards away the man who was propelling it—a great, red-headed Irishman—suddenly ceased his efforts. Leaning over his pole, he gazed at Quest. A sudden ferocity darkened his coarse face. He gripped his mate by the arm.

"See that bloke there?" he asked, pointing at Quest.

"The guy with the linen collar?" the other answered. "I see him."

"That's Quest, the detective," the Irishman went on hoarsely. "That's the man who got me five years in the pen, the beast! That's the man I've been looking for. You're my mate, Jim, eh?"

"I guess so," the other granted.

"Are you going to try and do him in?"

"Now then, you fellows," Horan shouted. "What are you hanging about there for, Red Gallagher? Bring the carriage up. You fellows can have a smoke for an hour. I'm going to take her down the line for a bit."

The two men obeyed and disappeared in the direction of the section house. Quest looked after them curiously.

"That's a big fellow," he remarked. "What did you call him? Red Gallagher? I seem to have seen him before."

"He was the most troublesome fellow on the line once, although he was the biggest worker," the boss replied. "He got five years in the penitentiary and that seems to have taken the spirit out of him."

"I believe I was in the case," Quest observed carelessly.

"That's so! Now then, young ladies," Mr. Horan advised, "hold tight, and here goes!"

They ambled down the line for about half a mile. Then Horan brought them to a standstill.

"This is the spot," he declared. "Now, if you want my impressions you are welcome to them. All the search has been made on the right-hand side here and in New York. I've had my eye on that hill for a long time. My impression is that he hid there."

"I'll take your advice," Quest decided. "We'll spread out and take a little exercise in hill climbing."

"Good luck to you!" the boss exclaimed.

They searched carefully and deliberately for more than half an hour. Then Laura suddenly called out. They looked around to find only her head visible. She scrambled up, maddy and with wet leaves clinging to her skirt.

"Say, that guy of a section boss told me to look out for caves. I've been in one, sure enough! Only just saved myself."

They hurried to where she was. Quest peered into the crevice to which she had slipped. Suddenly he gave vent to a little exclamation. At the same time Laura called out. An inch or two of tweed was clearly visible through the strewn leaves. Quest sat on his stomach, crawled a little way down, took out his electric torch from his pocket and brushed the stuff away. Then he clambered to his feet.

"Our search is over," he declared gravely, "and your troubles, Lenora, that is Macdonough's body."

Lenora's face sank into her hands for a moment. Quest stood on one side while Laura passed her arm around the other girl's waist.

Quest glanced at his watch.

"I'll have to get," he said, "but I'll send someone along. Cheer up, Lenora," he added kindly. "Look after her, Laura."

Quest hastened along the road to

the spot where he had left the car. The chauffeur, who saw him coming, started up and climbed to his seat. Quest took his place.

"Drive to the office," he ordered.

The man slipped in his clutch. They were in the act of gliding off when there was a tremendous report. They stopped short. The man jumped down and looked at the back tire.

"Blowout," he remarked laconically. Quest frowned.

"How long will it take?"

"Four minutes," the man replied. "I've got another wheel ready. That's the queerest blowout I ever saw, though."

The two men leaned over the tire. Suddenly Quest's expression changed. His hand stole into his hip pocket.

"Tom," he explained, "that wasn't a blowout at all. Look here!"

He pointed to the small level hole. Almost at once he stood back and the sunshine flashed upon the revolver clutched in his right hand.

"That was a bullet," he continued. "Someone fired at that tire. Tom, there's trouble about."

The man looked nervously around.

"That's a rifle bullet, sure," he muttered.

"Get on the wheel as quick as you can," Quest directed. "Here, I'll give you a hand."

He stooped down to unfasten the straps which fastened the spare wheel. It was one of his rare lapses, realized a moment too late. Almost in his ears came the hoarse cry:

"Hands up, guvnor! Hands up this second or I'll blow you to hell!"

Quest turned over his shoulder and looked into the face of Red Gallagher, raised a little above the level of the road. A very ugly little revolver was pointed directly at Quest's heart.

"My mate's got you covered on the other side of the road, too. Hands up, both of you, or we'll make a quick job of it."

Quest shrugged his shoulders, threw his revolver into the road and obeyed. As he did so, the other man stole out from behind a bush and sprang for the chauffeur, who under cover of the car was stealing off. There was a brief struggle, then the dull thud of the railway man's rifle falling on the chauffeur's head. He rolled over and lay in the road.

"Pitch him off amongst the bushes," Red Gallagher ordered. "You don't want anyone who comes by to see. Now lend me a hand with this chap."

"What do you propose to do with me?" Quest asked.

"You'll know soon enough," Red Gallagher answered. "A matter of five minutes' talk to start with. You see that handcar house?"

"Perfectly well," Quest assented.

"My eyesight is quite normal."

"Get there then. I'm a yard behind you and my revolver's pointing for the middle of your back."

Quest sprang lightly down from the road, crossed the few intervening yards and stepped into the handcar house.

Gallagher and his mate followed close behind. Quest paused on the threshold.

"It's a filthy dirty hole," he remarked. "Can't we have our little chat out here? Is it money you want?"

Gallagher glanced around. Then with an ugly push of the shoulder he sent Quest reeling into the shed. His great form blocked up the doorway.

"No," he cried fiercely. "It's not money I want this time. Quest, you brute, you dirty bloodhound! You sent me to the pen for five years—you



"Hands Up, Guvnor!"

with your cursed prying into other people's affairs. Don't you remember me, eh? Red Gallagher?"

"Of course I do," Quest replied coolly. "You garroted and robbed an old man and had the spree of your life. The old man happened to be a friend of mine, so I took the trouble to see that you paid for it. Well?"

"Five years of hell, that's what I had," the man continued, his eyes flashing, his face twitching with anger. "Well, you're going to have a little bit more than five years. This shed's been burnt down twice, sparks from passing engines. It's going to be burnt down for the third time."

"Sounds remarkably unpleasant," Quest admitted. "You'd better hurry or the boss will be back."

Gallagher finally slammed the door. Quest heard the heavy footsteps of the two men as they turned toward the section house. He drew a little case from his pocket.

He opened what seemed to be a little mahogany box, looked at the ball

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